

was Capt. George's profession. the Himalayas they marched. The Government sent

e; the Rajah sent them down again. After the retreat rge was among the missing. ticular native Prince had never been properly taught

by his British masters, therefore His Serene Highness prortunity of amusing himself with Capt. George Towne. regiment finally entered the capital of this amiable they found what was left of their comrade. His backbroken; his knees had been pulled from their sockets; and ears had been removed. Some merry fellow had Capt. George's tongue, because he thought the Rajah pleased to hear the Englishman try to scream for water hat organ. It would have been merciful had they burned Captain's eyes, to prevent his ever seeing his own re-

George was taken to the hospital in Calcutta. Christian ecceded in saving his life, God knows why-for this was rime perpetrated upon him. Lying in the convalescent thought of England, where they were soon to send him. at of his wife. How he thought of her during those

It seemed as if he could almost see her slender figure the moolit corridor and as if the lovely features surby the bronze brown hair he loved so well were bending nin reality. He could almost hear her exquisite voice and the mannerism he had learned to love so well. the little maid to think of, and the father's heart yearned

is, helpless, stlent mass of breathing matter. For it had brown that his capture was the result of personal bravery. wlusteered to carry dispatches for his Colonel through tage the public cheered him, there were columns in the Officials met him at the landing, speeches They pinned a little bronze cross upon his breast. to duty done, they all tried to think about something else-the pleasant. They tried to forget Capt. George Towne,

minied home. What a home-coming! He was made to and at last that she had gone—gone with her lover, and, she had taken the baby with her. There was disgrace But even now the cup of Capt. George's humiliation was Med. He drained its dregs when he learned that this man diminal-a thief. The police were looking for him, they aught him yet. Capt. George started to find them.

he warch for her there was not the bitterness of anger. He td into the looking-glass and could not blame her for her He only wanted to say "Goodby" and "God bless you." the little one, that he might put that Victoria Cross Into After that he would attend to the man who had robbed

by, step by step, he traced them-his only clew the ently, step by step, he traced them.

It of his enemy, the thief. Remembering his condition.

It what a search that must have been—of the difficulties. A discouragements. Think of the patience of the blowed them until one day he stood beside his wife's

Towns paused only z while. There were trementous reaon for going on; he must recover the fittle daughter; he there that thief for burial.

treed them to America. He searched that broad land lenny lasted, but the day came when all his means were Nothing remained but his determination. He sought work. sold he do, crippled with such wounds—specchies for the streets and then Capt. do, crippled with such wounds-speechless? He outcast, he begged in the streets, and then Capt. Towns was committed for six months as a vagrant-a And this man, with the Victoria Cross in his pocket, was "Bridge of Sighs" into the "Old Tombs prison," await transportation to the work-house.

50 committed may not remain idle. The warden put him whommitted may not remain idle. The wattchen. The sail of stripes and assigned him to work in the kitchen. The sail disgusted; he threw Capt. George a knife and pointed to dipotatoes. George could have put the knife into his own but he didn't. He was carrying certain dispatches to a han-he was on duty.

at came-night in the old Tombs prison. And with it came George as to all others so situated for the first time. and of mental agony. He realized as never before his his complete fallure, the hopelessness of his under-Crippled, forsaken, helpless, what could he hope for, even months were past and they let him go again? all over from the beginning. Ah, how he hated the had escaped him, how he loved the little daughter he

only a visit from the "Prison Spirit." Of course, you took her, but such a creature dwells in cery prison, and combs there lives that wretched has, the mother of them t me, she is no myth; she is very real indeed. Entercell when darkness comes, she jeers and tortures; fans tvery flame of hate; sneers at repentance, and incites She is the dread and terror of accomplices, whispering a each coward's heart.

to the "Prison Spirit" played with Capt. George. She

tortured him to her heart's content, and then, taking him to her vile old breast, she soothed and brooded her new child of sorrow. She comforted and consoled; she whispered hope; she showed an opportunity. Was not the man whom Capt. George pursued a crook? Did Capt. George not know that ancient adage that "Once a thief, always a thief?" of crime" would reach the crook, no matter what he tried to do or be, or where he went, and he must answer it. Some day he would be caught-some day he would be caught here in New York-and thenone who cannot pursue can wait in ambush. Capt. George knew what ambush meant; he remembered comething which had happened years ago in the Himalayas.

Stay and wait for him whispered the 'Prison Spirit:" "stay here and peel potatoes with the knife they gave you.

But could he? Would they keep him in the "Tombs" How could be make himself so indespensable? To peel potatoes was the only way. He began to make a study of his work. Before his time was up-those long six months, he had learned to peel potatoes as no man ever did before or since-swiftly, diently, contentedly. No three men could do his daily taule.

'He's a wonder," said the cook; "he's a profes-

sional. I'll be sorry to lose him." So they didn't lose him. Every six months, when discharge was due, the "Professional Potato Peeler" was taken before a Magistrate and recommitted. It was charity the officials said, he was so helpless; the Tombs was a home for him. Although an example of that ancient pleasantry, "He got six months twice a year." George never complained; he was only anxious to get back to his post.

On these biennial occasions "Citizen" Towne was attired in a castoff suit of black, which was always carefully brushed and folded away, ready for its next

Winter and summer the Professional Potato Peeler gat at work near the top of the cellar steps. From there he could see each new arrival come across the Bridge of Sighs, and George looked into the eyes of sery one who entered. Old offenders knew and greeted him, and the Professional Potato Peeler was the first sight pointed out to the "Fresh Fish." What laughter his misery and deformity inspired. Every day there was some new insult, and the worst of all me from the outcast women of the streets. George hated the sight of them

But he had one friend-the knife. All day long it sank into and through the flesh of potatoes innu-merable. The skins curled and dropped in spiral ringlets at its touch. Sharp? Oh, be sure of that. The stone step on which he sat began to wear away where the blade was whetted every morning. He loved that knife; it was always in his hand.

And so year after year he waited. What a life, what a miserable existence!-pain, squalor, insult, and the memories that tortured him most of all, and how easy to have ended it. No! He was too good a hater for that, and every night the Spirit came and whispered in his heart, "Perhaps you enemy will come tomorrow.

The day come for which the Professional Potato Peeler had waited a dozen years. The moment which he knew must come did come, and on that day-it brought into the Tombs.

was Christmas-his enemy was

He, too, was changed. Thirteen years had left their mark; the once handsome scoondrel would lead astray on more infatuated wives; there was nothing now in his face or figure to prouse forbidden passion In eager eyes. Into the Tombs they brought him on a stretcher, wounded by a policeman's bullet. He was swathed in bandages, but the Professional Potato Peeler knew his enemy.

George waited until they had put the patient to bed and taken away his clothes. Ala! it was now the thief's turn to lie in a hospital and think. The Christmas service had commenced and George stood just outside the hospital ward. The moment he arrived. Was it possible that this man, with uplifted head, with eyes on fire, whose deformity had turned to strength, could be the miserable Professional Potato

"Gloria in Excelsis"-it was the choir singing the opening anthem. "Glory, glory, glory," echood in the Professional Potato Peeler's heart. It was glory and the splendor of the moment when such a debt is cancelled

George opened the door and entered the room. He could not see his enemy, a visitor was bending over him. Between that criminal and death fare had

"Why have they brought you here, Dad? Promise you will get well and come away." She turned her head with a little motion that George had known and loved so well in another in his days of happiness. She turned her head, and the heart in Capt. George's misshapen body stood still, for he saw the sweet, pure, English profile so like her mother's.

Unto us a child is born." Very softly and solemnly the chanting reached his ears. 'Are you listening to me, Dad?" Yes. Allco."

Then she put her arms around the thief; she croned over him with a little sob in her voice, a sob that was a generation old to Capt. George. He had heard it in his wife's farewell the day he sailed to India, 'I love you. Dad?" A great envy filled the Professional Potato Peeler's

"Kill him!" screamed the Prison Spirit, scrambling up from the fifthy cellar. "Kill him! This is the moment I has promised you all these years; see how

he has robbed you!" His hand slipped into his pocket; there was his good friend, the knife.

"What shall I do without you, Dad? Who will take care of me?" The girl was crying softly. And at that moment the "Christmas Angel" came and stood beside the Professional Potato Peeler.

He realized that he, her own father, could do nothing; but that his enemy lying there was able to save and protect her. And whatever he might have been, the thier must have been kind to her, cause she loved this man whom she called father. Evidently she did not know his life. But there was a term of imprisonment staring him in the face. What would become of her?

The Professional Potato Peeler saw the procession of fallen women who dally cross the Bridge of Sighs. Before him was that stream of jeering, blaspheming outcasts. Every one of them had been young and

innocent like her. Suppose his Alice-and he powerless She must be taken care of. George became essed with but one idea-her safety, her future. He would

In to the Professional Potato Pceler's eyes there came a light the reflection of the day divine sinto them also came something that had glistened there for years. And then the Prison Spirit

The Christmas Angel touched lovingly the Professional Potato Peeler's damp forchead, and he remembered the suit of clothes that "Chizen" Towns were twice a year. He remembered the day, the singers, the opportunity. It was then that he realized hat there was a chance that his enemy might be able to slip out

The daughter saw the hideous intruder and shrank away in horror. He saw it and his heart was broken. The thief recognized him. "George, it is you?"

The Professional Potato Paeler made no reply; the Rajah's pleasantry of years ago prevented it. The thief saw the knife; he knew what it meant, and groaned. George shook his head and hid his friend in his pocket. Wonderment replaced the terror on the face of his enemy. George point-

ed to the girl and looked at the thief, and showed him the clottes.

The heart can speak. They understood one another. I will be honest after this. I will always take good care of

George pointed up.

"I swear it" gasped the enemy. In wonderment the girl helped to dress her "father," realizhand to the Professional Potato Peeler. He held it very gently for an instant, and a moment later mingled among the com-

pany of singers; the escape was made.
"Who was it, Dad?" she whispered, as they sped away to safety, looking down at the little bronze decoration in her slender

The former thief did not answer.

Shall we ever have to see him again""

"Peace on earth; good will toward men!" whispered the Christmas Angel in the heart of the Professional Potato Peeler, as he crept back into his cellar to die

A Laughable Insurrection

The Isle of Pines incident is more apt to excite the risibles of the American people than to cause serious discussion. little band of Americans who have set up an independent Government on Cuban territory may discover that a better way to show their dislike of a foreign Government would have been to leave it

and go to some other country better suited to their tastes.
It is not at all probable that the Cubans offered them any premiums to settle on the Isle of Pines, or that they had taken any steps to prevent them from leaving, if dissatisfied. It is, therefore, a breach of hospitality, to say the least, for them to be conducting themselves towards the Cuban Government in this cavaller fashloo. Their appeal to the United States to protect them in their little quarrel with the Cuban Government will probably meet with the decision it deserves. The relations of the United States with Cuba are of a peculiarly delicate character, and the utmost good faith is obligatory in all our dealings with that Republic. To foment an insurrection in that country, gineered by reckless American citizens, is not the kind of thing to approve itself to wise statesmanship. If a haudful of Americans can seize the Isle of Pines and convert it into an independent State, a similar thing can be done in the richest province of Cuba or any other part of America outside of the United States. and the navy and army would soon be very active, indeed.

The Cuban Government will probably arrest the ringleaders of this little mutiny and put them in jail. Under Spanish rule the policy towards filibusters was very bloodthirsty, but that seems to have died out with the rule of the Governor-General. The Cubans appear to be abreast of the times, and after the first wave of indignation has subsided they will probably treat this incipant attempt at insurrection like a child and spank it. That would seem the proper thing to do. A few months' imprisonment would caim the arder of these empire builders and divert their energies into more useful channels. If they don't like Cuba, it is cary enough to get away from there without involving the American Government in their prejudices.—Baltimore American.

The Very First Match

In the nineteenth century-the century in which so many wonderful things were done—the fourth step in the development of the match was taken. In 1827, John Walker, a druggfst in a small English town, tipped a splint with sulphur, chlorate of potsh, and sulphide of antimony, and rubbed it on sand-paper, and it burst into flame. The druggist had discovered the first frictionchemical match, the kind we use today. It is called friction-chemical because it is made by mixing certain chemicals together and subbing them. Although Walker's match did not require the bottle of acid, it nevertheless was not a bad one. It could be lighted only by hard rubbing, and it sputtered and threw fire in all directions. In a few years, however, phosphorous was substi-tuted on the tip for antimony, and the change worked wonders. The match could now be lighted with very little rubbing, and it was no longer necessary to have sand-paper upon which to rub it. It would ignite when rubbed on any dry surface, and there was no longer any sputtering. This was the phosphorus match, the motch with which we are so familiar

After the invention of the easily-lighted phosphorus match there was no longer use for the dip-spiint or the strike-a-light. The old methods of getting a blaze were gradually laid aside and forgetten. The first phosphorus matches were sold at 25 cents a block-a block containing 149 matches-and they were used by but Now 100 matches can be bought for a cent. It is said that In the United States we use about 150,000,000,000 matches a year, This, on an average, is about five matches a day for every per-

